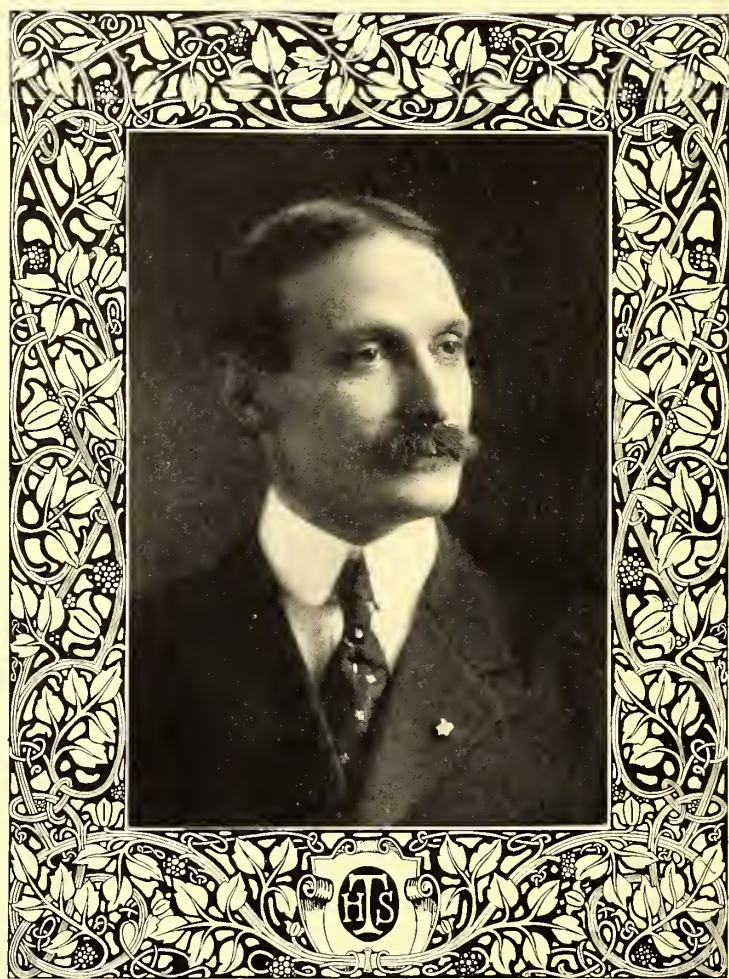




Joe White



L.P.





**Wm. H.  
Stuart**

the pioneer  
principal of  
our school  
a friend  
in whom we  
have put our  
trust and to  
whom we al-  
ways look for  
guidance





## Our Sponsors

Miss Pearson is burdened with a bushel of cares,  
And we fear before long she'll be having gray hairs.  
When do we get any D's in English, History, or Math.  
She immediately begins to go on the war-path.  
She looks at our grade cards and credits and such,  
And thus of her time it takes entirely too much.  
But even tho it does she is very persistent,  
And she finds in Miss Kletzing an able assistant.



# seniors

EVELYN BERNLOEHR

Walter Shirley

President

*A noble president for  
a noble class.*

Dorothy Steeg

Secretary

*Every man must patiently  
bide his time.*

Harold Woody

Sergeant-at-arms

*Wisdom lurks on his brow.*

Nathan Van Osdol

Will-maker

*For lo, though vanquished,  
he could argue still.*

Ella A. Koopman

Poet

*Rome was not built  
in a day.*

Mary L. Cain

Vice-President

*'Tis better to be brief  
than tedious.*

Richard McMurray

Treasurer

*Silence is golden.*

Rose Mary Corcoran

Prophet

*Little and wise? She's a  
terror for her size.*

Kenneth Dynes

Historian

*None but the brave de-  
serve the fair.*

Burt Longerich

Song-maker.

*Oh! teach me how to for-  
get to think.*





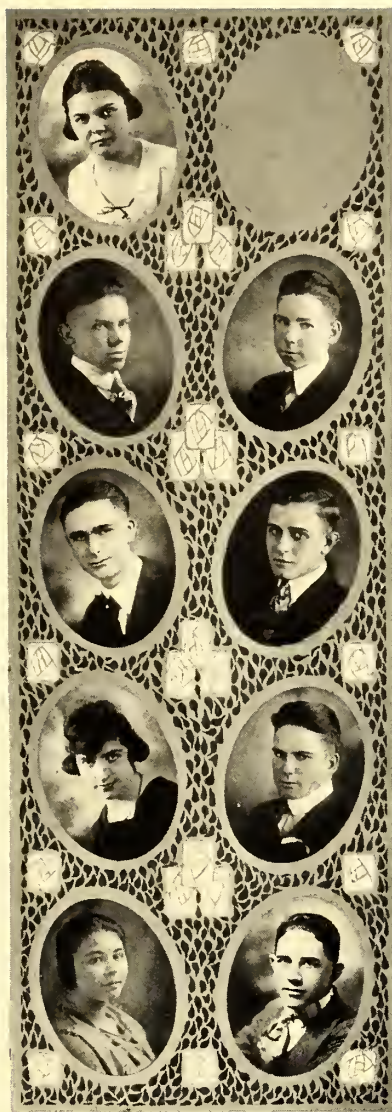
Hermanda Agger  
*Duties well performed, and  
 days well spent.*

Charles Alford  
*His frown is a mark of  
 intelligence.*

Marion A. Beard  
*Out of the mouths of  
 babes came words  
 of wisdom.*

Irene Benjamin  
*Pearl of great price.*

Vivian Bley  
*Smile and the world smiles  
 with you.*



Charles Akens  
 Shannon Lawson  
 Clarence Stephenson  
 Marion Smart

Thomas C. Batchelor  
*And he lives up to  
 his name.*

William H. Behrens  
*The spirit is willing but  
 the flesh is weak.*

Charles Benson  
*Man is the ruler of his  
 own destiny.*

James F. Boggs  
*A merry heart doeth good  
 like medicine.*

Kepler Bowman  
*One for whom the world  
 is not worthy.*

Gladys Brackmier  
*She shall rule with an iron  
 hand.*

M. Elizabeth Carlisle  
*She that works faithfully  
 should be justly rewarded.*

Francis Christena  
*Unto you is paradise  
 opened.*

Royal B. Colby  
*Great is truth and mighty  
 above all things.*



Laura Brockman  
*It is good to live and learn.*

Howard Brydon  
*He is a talker and needs no  
 question to begin.*

Dwight W. Casey  
*Thou, too, shalt be old.  
 Be wise in season.*

Bernice Clow  
*Many receive advice but  
 few profit by it.*

Jeanette Colgrove  
*Here's a face like a  
 blessing.*

William Coons  
*Clothes make the man.*

Doris Dallow  
*When ignorance is bliss,  
'tis folly to be wise.*

Armin Doerschel  
*Full many a flower is born  
to blush unseen.*

Robert E. Dugdale  
*I never say fail.*

Helen Ealand  
*To do the best is her  
desire.*



Forrest Garretson  
*Spare the rod and spoil  
the child.*

Donald Dicks  
*When in doubt win the  
trick.*

Frank Duckwall  
*Can we have too much of  
a good thing?*

Edward Dye  
*At least by one warm fire-  
side art thou welcome.*

Grace Eaton  
*Many are called, but few  
are chosen.*

Lucile Eberhardt  
*Could I love less, I would  
 be happier.*

Margaret M.  
 Fullgraff  
*Much ado about nothing.*

Mary Louise Gray  
*She speaketh French like  
 a native.*

Roger Anderson Hay  
*Better late than never.*

Harold Haught  
*I have often regretted my  
 speech—never my silence.*



Esther Engle  
*Where there's a will,  
 there's a way.*

Ruth Gorman  
*Truth and sincerity are  
 wonderful gifts.*

Cora Griffin  
*Silence is more eloquent  
 than words.*

Morton Groves  
*To be strong is to be  
 happy.*

Arthur Hein  
*Let every man mind his  
 own business. --*



Margaret E. Heller  
*A modern Juliet.*

Myrtle Henderson  
*Although she is quiet she  
gets there.*

Wibert L. Holloway  
*Still water runs deep.*

Miriam Howe  
*Every man has his fault,  
and honesty is hers.*

Helen Hurtt  
*Saying is one thing, and  
doing is another.*



Forrest Helms  
*Do your best—Hang the  
rest.*

Catherine E. Herter  
*A high hope for a low  
heaven.*

Luella Hollis  
*Affection never was wasted*

Carl Huber  
*Let thy words be few.*

Austin Johnson  
*As proper a man as ever  
trod upon leather.*

Otto E. Keller  
*He's worth his weight in  
 gold.*

Harold LeFeber  
*The very flower of youth.*

Margaret McCarthy  
*A word to the wise is  
 sufficient.*

Russell McMannis  
*The strength of thine own  
 arm is thy salvation.*

Dennis Miller  
*He loves the artificial  
 lights.*



Charles Bruce  
 McConnell  
*Live in the present wisely.*

Wayne Liddil  
*Modesty is the camouflage  
 of self-esteem.*

Lavata McClintic  
*Keep the goods the gods  
 provide.*

Daniel Metzger  
*'Tis nature's plan, the child  
 should grow into the man.*

George Henry  
 More  
*Actions speak louder than  
 words.*

Elsie L. Neff

*My heart is as true as steel*

Hubert D. Oldham

*Wisdom of many and the  
wit to win.*

Nathaniel Owings

*A clear conscience is a  
cheerful countenance.*

Avis J. Peterson

*Sober, steadfast, and  
demure.*

Mable Rasener

*Knowledge is power.*



Flonnie Neikirk

*A merry heart makes a  
-- cheerful countenance.*

Leo O'Connell

*The tongue can no man  
tame.*

Mary Perkins

*I know everybody but  
myself*

Steward Pike

*He is well paid who does  
work well.*

Margaret Ray

*Friends my soul with joy  
remembers.*

Julius Reynolds  
*Rejoice, O young man, in  
thy youth.*

James L. Richardson  
*The dice of Zeus fall ever  
luckily.*

Russell Roth  
*It's the little things in life  
that count.*

Helen E. Routier  
*Happy-go-lucky, fair and  
free.*

Isabel Schwartz  
*A soft answer turneth  
away wrath.*

Alice Lenore Sexton  
*She speaks, acts, and  
thinks, just as she ought.*

Robert Spillman, Jr.  
*Children should be seen  
and not heard.*

Aileen Staley  
*For a desperate disease, a  
desperate cure.*

Stuart Stout  
*A man can never gain  
favor in arguing.*

Elma Sullivan  
*To ease burdens is the aim  
of my life.*





Robert T. Thatcher  
*Faint heart ne'er won fair  
lady.*

Albert Weisman  
*Music soothes the savage  
breast.*

Dwight F. Whitmire  
*As they used to say—  
spick and span.*

Helen Young  
*For a lass, exceedingly  
well read.*

Minus E. Woodruff  
Jr.  
*The opinion of the strong-  
est is the best.*



Albert M. Thomas  
*All is not gold that glitters*

Marguerite Werner  
*A true friend to the true.*

Russell Wilson  
*No one knows what he can  
do until he tries.*

Carey Zody  
*The heart of honour, the  
tongue of truth.*

Averitte H. Corley  
*It discourses most eloquent*

## History of January '20 Class

It was early in September of 1916, when we, the January '20 class found ourselves enlisted in Uncle Sam's great army, stationed at the Arsenal Grounds. Of course our first year was pretty hard as we had to learn discipline, promptness and the location of the various buildings of training. It was awfully hard to keep from riding the elevators at first, but as they were for officers only, we finally became accustomed to relying on Nature alone. Nothing very exciting happened in our first year, as a rookie's life is not one of pleasure.

On May 22, 1917, the second year of our training, a steel flag-pole, 120 ft. high, was erected in honor of the anniversary of the day that the Supreme Court deeded the Arsenal Grounds to the officials for training purposes. Of course, a big celebration was held, as it was the first real pleasure we had had since being in camp. This day was called Supreme Day in honor of the Court's decision. Our next source of enjoyment was the opening of the Shop Annex on November 4, 1917. This building, by far the best fitted for our training, had been constructed during the semester. But our pride, that year, did not cease to grow until after the dedication of the Service Flag in December, 1917.

We then entered upon our third year of training, rookies no more, but some of us corporals, a few sergeants, and the rest well-drilled soldiers in educational lines. In May 1918, we were ordered to sell War Savings Stamps. As Americans never fail, the camp went over the top. Then on November 11, 1918, although we had not gone across the water, the Armistice was signed and the war ended. Joy of all joys was this and we had a big review and parade for the people of Indianapolis.

And now a great reconstruction period was before us. To start things, Colonel Walter Shirley appointed four other officers to assist him in his work. Lt.-Colonel Mary Cain was appointed as a direct assistant; Major Dorothy Steeg was put in charge of all clerical work; and the finances were entrusted to Captain Richard McMurray. First Lieutenant Harold Woody was appointed as the Colonel's orderly. The first thing we did was to show our love for the camp by presenting to them large banners. After the excitement of this had subsided we received an order calling for books for the soldiers and sailors still in France. The camp was then sent canvassing and of course we ended with more than our quota. Now as we had but four months remaining we applied for discharge. However, before leaving training we had decided to have a picnic. The boys secured two trucks and the girls furnished the eats. I doubt if we shall ever forget the fun of that "furlough."

But even in the midst of our training our thoughts still turned to our boys who had gone to France. So on November 11, 1919, we planted a tree for each boy from Tech who had been in active service and for the four who had given their lives for their country. These Tree Day exercises were much appreciated by everyone, especially by the mothers of these boys. About this time there seemed to be distress

among the newest "first aid" recruits of the camp. The strenuousness of the first month's training had depressed them but their older sisters of mercy were at once ready to comfort them. And so for the first time in our camp we had a "Big Sister" organization for the welfare of our oldest and youngest girls.

Even in training camps there is danger of turning out "dull Johns." But the Arsenal Technical Regiment of 1920 realized this need for recreation and so produced for its pleasure, "The Admirable Crichton," the finest of recreational plays.

Now our regiment is about ready to receive its honorable discharge. It has been trained for the conflict of coming years. Because of the ideals that have been passed on to it by the Arsenal Technical High School it hopes to do its full share in "a world of peace and gladness."



## Farewell, Dear Technical

Farewell dear Technical,  
Our hearts are sad and sore,  
From thee we must depart forever.  
We'll ne'er forget our school,  
Our dear old woodland school  
Where youthful hours have passed  
In dear old Tech.

### CHORUS

Oh, here's to Technical,  
Oh, here's to Technical,  
With her colors green and white;  
For she's the best of schools  
In all this fair, broad land.  
But we must say farewell today,  
Oh, here's to Technical,  
Oh, here's to Technical,  
And may her colors ever wave.  
We love our Technical,  
Yes, our dear Technical,  
We bid farewell now  
Our dear Tech.



We love the lilac lane  
The dear old Arsenal  
Its grim clock tower so tall,  
The barracks all  
So farewell Technical  
Your memory we hold dear,  
Farewell, our classmates dear,  
To one and all.

—Burt Longerich

## Last Will and Testament

I, Nathan Van Osdel, being entrusted by my fellow classmen with this mournful task, do hereby publish the final will and testament of the January '20 class.

To Clarence Drayer, Duane Hawkins and all other aspirants for the presidency of the June '20 class, Walter Shirley bequeaths his deep knowledge of parliamentary law, the dignified presence and influence he has acquired, and the agonies of responsibility he has endured during the past five months.

To Culver Godfrey whose military aspirations have been of the highest degree, Kenneth Dynes wills his high and exalted rank of cadet-colonel.

Helen Ealand, Bob Dugdale, Donald Dicks and Hermanda Agger cheerfully give to Neal Benson and Neal Carter an abundant supply of second-hand A's and A+'s which the recipients will doubtless need at the end of the present semester.

To any aspiring student of history, James Richardson gives one history book, and several books of history notes which he took during the three times he attended this class last semester.

To Dorothy Wilhelm, "Turk" Doerschel carelessly gives about four inches of his height which she can doubtless use to great advantage. It is recommended that the art department prepare a placard bearing the inscription, "I am not a freshman," so that "Dot" might wear it at all times.

To two loyal members of the "hungry dozen"—John Neff and Earl Trimpe—Bob Spillman wills the noted package of sandwiches which has never failed to put in its appearance at roll-call.

To Robert Rink, who has signified his intentions of becoming a reporter by placing a certain article on the subject of football in one of the foremost papers of Indianapolis, Albert Thomas leaves his extensive experience and talent in news composition.

To Russell Longshore, Harold Haught leaves his chair in a certain Physics IV class-room and says, "good-bye, good-luck and God Bless You" as he walks mournfully away.

Dorothy Steeg leaves her sociability, good nature and common sense to Julia Ade and Catherine O'Meara with the hope that it will be divided equally between them and used to the greatest advantage.

To the esteemed and elegant Elizabeth Burgess, Helen Hurt bequeaths her ever-ready lip stick and rouge.

Nathaniel Owings leaves his troublesome raft of steady girls to that dignified and respected commander of A Company's first platoon—Donald Delbrook.

Mary Cain leaves her winning bashfulness and unrestricted manners to Agnes Williams.

Our noble exponent of pugilism, Harold Woody, bequeaths to Byron Woods, (Tech's little Joe Beckett) his fighting nature and ability, with the precaution that he use better choice in selecting his opponents.

To Clarence Gale and Laurence Neidlinger are left the melodious



but not harmonious voices of Russell Wilson and Howard Brydon, the Carusos of Tech.

To the great satisfaction of all, Albert Weisman leaves his talent as pianist to Katherine Wilhelm.

To Robert Hynes go Charles Aker's pillows so that Bobbie may sleep more peacefully in next semester's physics class.

Ida Blackburn and Helen Fletcher receive a very valuable legacy from Rose Corcoran and Margaret McCarthy; namely, the art of extensive vamping.

To Miss Goddard is left Miss Pearson's extremely good nature and wonderful ability to handle a class of hard workers.

Drawing near the end and with the hope of another good year, the class as a whole leaves to our worthy successors, the following:

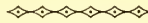
1. Our corner in Rector's Drug Store which we can no longer use as a loafing place.

2. Our wonderful ability to accomplish the gleeful task of planting trees on the campus.

3. The ability of the senior boys to stand at "Present arms" during future tree day exercises.

Last, but not least, the politicians of the January '20 class cheerfully give back the control of the school to the heart-broken faculty.

This mournful task is accomplished. The final will and testament of the January '20 Class is published and in testimony of this document I hereby affix my signature,



## The Prophecy of January '20

Chug! Chug! Chug! It was this unceasing, dreary melody which arrested my attention one evening, as I was leaving a gay ball-room where I had been revelling amidst hearty laughter and dazzling lights. The sound attracted me. My ever-present curiosity and love for a change of environment gave me no alternative. I must follow it. The motor-like chug seemed restful, after the jig music of the dance hall.

I wandered far out into the country on my quest of self-satisfaction.

Chug! Chug! Chug!—Ah! by the light of a million stars, I could see in the distance the outline of a large mill. I hastened to it and was pleased to meet at its threshold, the busy miller.

"I'm Father Time," explained this veteran who labored as he talked to me. "I call my mill the world, for it's grinding out the future of our nation. I'll show you the products of my efforts for this year of 1935."

Suddenly before me I saw a gallant band of folk.

"I've tagged them all with their names and I'll tell you of their success," said the miller.

"My first specimen is Walter Shirley once the esteemed president of a high school class. I have made of him a well known orator. His favorite theme is "Votes for Women." In his conversation to this worthy cause, I have been aided by Elizabeth Carlisle who is one of the leading suffragettes of the day.

the leading suffragettes of the day."

"And now I hasten to show you my other successful products. Here is Mlle. Alice Sexton, the famous *primma donna*, who has appeared under the management of Wayne Liddel.

"Here are Margaret McCarthy and Nathaniel Owings who have been co-starring in the famous farce "Clothing Don't Make the Man," written by Royal Colby and supported by Vivian Bley, Howard Brydon and Harold Haught. The staging was done by Armin Doerschel.

"There is nothing in a name, at least, this has been proved in the case of Thomas Batchler who is now the dutiful husband of a French Beauty whom he met while traveling abroad.

"Dwight Casey has caused Albert Thomas, the Sport Editor of the Philadelphia Gazette, to call to the attention of baseball fans the famous poem, "Casey at the Bat."

Stuart Stout is president of the Labor Union and has two ardent followers in the persons of Leo O'Connell and James Richardson.

"Harold LeFeber, the giant of the January 1920 Class, has been cinverting heathens in Africa. It is remarkable that he has not been eaten by the cannibals for he would make a lovely, juicy bite.

"Kenneth Dynes is one of the most popular inventors of the day. He has invented an apparatus, which, when attached to the side of any car is guaranteed to balance the car while turning a corner at a terrific rate of speed.

"Lucile Eberhardt is the head of a domestic alliance known as "Eberhardt, Green and Co."

"Ella Koopman is called the greatest of Hoosier poets and is aspiring to win the fame of James Whitcomb Riley in the hearts of the Hoosiers.

"Russell Wilson is the most popular American baritone. He is accompanied by Ruth Gorman, pianist and Russel Roth, violinist.

"Helen Routier is teaching classical dancing at the Werner Dancing Academy.

"Bert Longerich is known as the Reverend Bert Longerich, and numbers among his parishioners, the Mr. and Mrs. George Moore. Mrs. Moore was Elsie Neff in high school days.

"Three of my models are officers of a banking firm in Chicago—Charles Bruce McConnell, President; James Boggs, Vice President; Richard McMurray, Treasurer.

"Hermenda Agger is the teacher of calisthenics at Greater Tech, the institution I've told you about.

"Dorothy Steeg, who showed great ability in hair-dressing in high school days, has established a flourishing Hair Dressing Parlor on Fifth Avenue, New York.

"Mary Cain is at the head of a fine business called the Cain Jitney Bus System. All cars are guaranteed to reach their destination.

"Helen Hurtt has surprised us all by becoming the darling wife of a college professor and has two charming children attending a kindergarten conducted by Margaret Heller.

"Marion Beard is the senior member of Beard, Behrens and Benson, Wig Makers.

"Grace Eaton is the French instructor in the Peterson Institution founded in 1913 by Avis Peterson. It numbers among its faculty Mary Perkins, Gladys Brackmeir, Esther Engle, Cora Griffin, and Catherine Herter.

"Stuart Pike, a great architect, has designed the office for greater more seating room for pleasure seekers who may frequently visit it. more seating room for pleasure seekers who may frequently visit it.

"William Coons is the Supt. of the Deaf and Dumb Institution.

"Donald Dicks, Frank Duckwall and Robert Dugdale are known as the DDD Law Firm of Carlisle, Indiana.

"Harold Woody and Charles Akers have published a book entitled "The Reason Why," guaranteed to last any high school student four years. This book contains seven hundred good excuses for tardies and cutting.

"Robert Spillman is director of the School of Musical Arts. He was elected to this position on account of his ability to make himself heard no matter how large the auditorium. This eliminates the need of a bulletin board.

"Albert Weisman is known as the Jazz King. He can jazz anything, even "God Save the King."

"Dennis Miller, a Sergeant of the United States Marines, has been placed in charge of the awkward squad.

"Edna Perkins has followed in the footsteps of her father and is president of the Chiropodist's League.

"Nathan Van Osdol is a promising lawyer of a small western City and has as an assistant, Robert Thatcher.

"Roger Hay is an athletic instructor at Yale.

"But I must run back to my wheel. The World has need of more such products in order that it may be more effective in its future grinding. Farewell—and let me ask you to support always, this mill of mine—the world that's mighty hard to beat."

## Our Road to Success

I stood on the mountain of knowledge,

And looked into the halls of fame,

I did not know which way to turn,

For with wisdom the world seemed aflame.

I gazed in the crystal of Fortune,

And plainly within could be seen

The Arsenal Technical Tower

With a background of white and green.

It told if my Alma Mater

Was such as I saw in the glass,

My future would be full of splendor,

For Tech points the way to success.

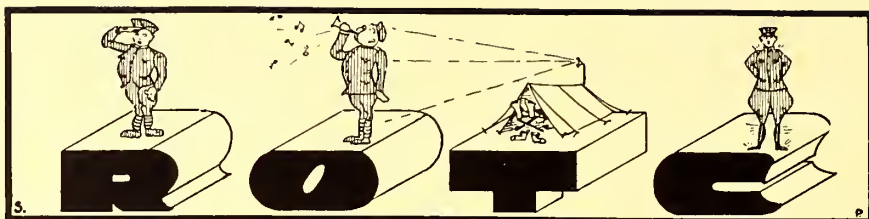
Success is hard to conquer

And never by waiting won.

So Classmates of 1920

Go forward, strive ever on!

—ELLA KOOPMAN.



## REVIEW OF TECH'S CALENDAR

The Reserve Officers Training Corps at Technical began this semester with great success.

The training given the officers at Camp Custer last summer marked the beginning of the R. O. T. C. in Indianapolis High Schools.

Sept. 15. Organization of Cadets into companies.

Sept. 22. Equipment arrives at Tech.

Sept. 30. Band makes first appearance.

Oct. 8. Rifles issued.

Oct. 23. First Battalion Review.

Oct. 30. First lecture on Military Courtesy.

Nov. 11. Commissions for Cadet Officers.

Dec. 11. Armory finished.

Dec. 12. Major Perry takes command.



## OFFICER'S ALPHABET

A is for Akers with lots to say,

B is for Badger—"Fall in" and "give way;"

C is for Coughlen who is such a dear,

D is for Dynes whom we all fear????

E is for Earhart our manual-of-arms shark,

F is for Fischer to whom we all hark.

G is for Godfrey who laughs the whole day,

H is for Hawky from Technical they say;

I is for me they say is so green,

J is for Jacoby as wise as we've seen;

K is for Kiley who doth dignity lend,

L is for Lowe, familiar old friend;

M is for Muench, our adjutant in name

N is for nothing, which we fear is the same;

O is for Owings who knows a whole lot,

P is for Potts our little "Cosmo" Potts;

Q is for quest for which we lay claim,

R is for Russell of bayonet fame;

S is for Scott who howls the "hole" day,

T is for Taggart who knows nothing but play;

U is for Updegraff, "Upde" for short,

V is for Vinson always a good sport;

W is for C. Wilson, R. Wilson and Woodsmall,

X is the word for goulash, in mess-hall;

Y is for Young, a very good son,

Z is for zeal which is behind every gun.



**FORWARD R. O. T. C.**

The initial education of the officer, like the initial education of any other professional man, should be primarily designed to open the mind to the stored up thought and experience of the world and to train the mind to think quickly, logically and independently.

A cadet was asked if he would like to be promoted.

"It depends upon what you mean by promotion," he replied, "I don't believe I know enough to be sergeant but I know too much to be a second lieutenant."

??????

I shudder  
Feel chilly  
Awaken with fright;  
What is it I see over there,  
Phosphorescently brilliant  
This dark starless night,  
On top of my table so bare?

It's winking  
And blinking  
And flick'ring about;  
Heavens help, what a terrible sight,  
I flash on the switch  
As I quickly jump out—  
It's my Ingersoll Radiolite.

—Illinois.





In 1898

# USUAL SCENES



Always by rule



From R.C. to L



Exit for the Lunch-Room



The Ruler  
—and his  
Kingdom



No Kickers Allowed



Sanctum  
Sanctorum



The Imposing  
Armory





December 10?



The Auto Repairers



The Cannon  
Business Manager



Our Gary Veteran



Our  
Lieutenant-Colonel



Little Orphant Annie



Law and Order



Seventeen

# HERE & THERE



Camouflage



Gigglers Three



Peek-a-boo

# Tech Topics

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....	Rachel Campbell
Literary .....	Zenda Bertram
Contributions.....	Beatrice Borgstede
Jokes.....	Fort Koons, Donna McComas
Athletics.....	Russell Roth, Laurence Neidlinger
Girls Athletics.....	Bernadine Towles
Military.....	George Muench
Exchange .....	Monta Reno
News.....	Ineva Reilly, Dorothy Mueller
Business Manager.....	John Evans

### Reporters

Miriam Munger, Frank Trost, Frazier Potts, Tom Cheyne

### Senior Committee

Mary Cain, Dorothy Steeg, Stuart Pike

### Advisers

Art.....	Mr. Frederick E. Polley
Editorial.....	Miss Ella Sengenberger
Business.....	Mr. Edward E. Greene

## TECH'S AMERICANISM

Tech has proved her advocacy of Americanism this semester in more ways than one. Every project which the school has carried through has pushed better Americanism and school spirit to the front. Tech's success is due to the wise leadership of Mr. Stuart. It has been through his untiring efforts and because of the high standards which he has held before every student of Tech that this semester has been an auspicious one. The various school organizations and activities which have thus far been effective speak for themselves.

The military organization, under the name of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, which trains Young America for citizenship, has improved and advanced until it has become one of the biggest factors of the school. Credit for its success is due not only to Captain Miller, Sergeant Amy and Major Perry but also to the student officers and privates who have displayed splendid co-operation.

The Big Sister Movement has been more fully organized this year, and both freshman and senior girls have begun to feel its good effects. This organization, in which the ideal of helpfulness is prevalent, is recognized as one of the most worth-while movements which have recently been introduced into American schools.

On Armistice Day the January seniors planted trees on the campus for the Tech boys in service. Tech was lauded far and wide for this project, and deservedly so. Certainly such an achievement boosts the principles of good Americanism.



Better English Week visited Tech again this semester and during this time enthusiastic teachers and students launched a campaign in which the necessity for Better English and Better Americanism, was brought forcibly before the school. Judging by results, their efforts left a lasting impression on the majority of Techs' students.

Tech's dramatic instincts crystallized in the form of several short entertainments, which were presented at monthly auditorium exercises held at Tomlinson Hall. These meetings furthered the acquaintances of parents and teachers and gave everybody a better idea of what Tech is doing. This was a new way of bringing the school before the public, and it proved tremendously successful.

Tech made a remarkably good showing in athletics. Although she lost a few games, her record of good sportmanship remains unbroken. If a student is a good sportsman, he is a good American, for the principles involved are the same.

Surely a school with such a record of achievements deserves to be called "American" in the true sense of the word.

### TECH'S DAUGHTERS

For several years, the necessity for instituting a finer and stronger fellowship between the upper and lower classmen at Tech, has been felt. And now, at last, that problem has been settled through the medium of the Big Sister organization which was founded during last semester.

The credit for starting such a splendid project, goes primarily to the January Seniors who planned this excellent movement and who carried it to success, with the aid of the June Senior girls. The get-together meetings have served as the nucleus around which the spirit has grown. No longer are the poor freshies greeted with looks of superiority; instead, they come to their big Sisters and ask for help in lessons or in making out their study slips, or in locating a teacher. Between the two classes there now exists true friendship and trust, each learning from the other, and each forming a part of Tech's sisterhood.

Next term, Miss Strubble, dean of girls, is going to bring each and every girl into the work. Then the girls will have better opportunities to show true school spirit, so that they will all be loyal daughters of Tech.

### ADVENTURES IN ECONOMY

Benjamin Franklin, the Apostle of Thrift, would beam with pride if he could hear Tech's thrift record for the past summer. In June some seventy pioneers started out to gain health, wealth, and happiness by observing true economy in the use of health, wealth, and happiness. Over one-third of the contestants won places on the honor list, fifteen of whom won general honors for a total of 250 points, or above, gained in three or more of the nine phases outlined. The highest scores were made by Dorothy Grimes, who won 620 points in seven phases, and Ineva Reilly, with 620 points in eight phases. This new proof of the energy and fine spirit of our students gives promise of their accomplishing something soon on a much larger scale.

## GIRLS' PHYSICAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT GIVES EXHIBITION

The Girls' Physical Training Department staged an unusual and attractive exhibition in the school gymnasium on Wednesday afternoon, January 14, from 3 to 5 o'clock, under the direction of Miss Hazel Abbett.

The exhibition covered all phases of physical training work for girls done by the department at Tech, including athletics, aesthetic dancing, interpretative dancing, folk dancing and military marching.

Military marching by the Gym II class opened the program. The same class presented a mazurka.

Ineva Reilly and Lulu Harbison, in costume, gave a Flemish folk dance. Their training in advanced gym work made their number a success.

A solo dance by Marguerite Williams in which she cleverly impersonated a butterfly met with the approval of the spectators.

Mary Williams gave a dance in pantomime followed by the Gym IV's presenting in interpretative dance, entitled, "The Piper's Dream," with Mary as the piper.

The Gym I class gave a wand drill and the Gym IV class the "Moonlight Mazurka."

Again Mary Williams came into the limelight when she gave a reading entitled, "Watchin' the Sparkin'."

A folk dance and relay game were given by the Gym II pupils.

Six girls from Gym III, including Marjorie Woodruff, Eleanor McCollough, Wilma Mikesell, June Hefner, Elizabeth Schmidt, Maxine Tilford and Edith Martin, staged the March Militaire.

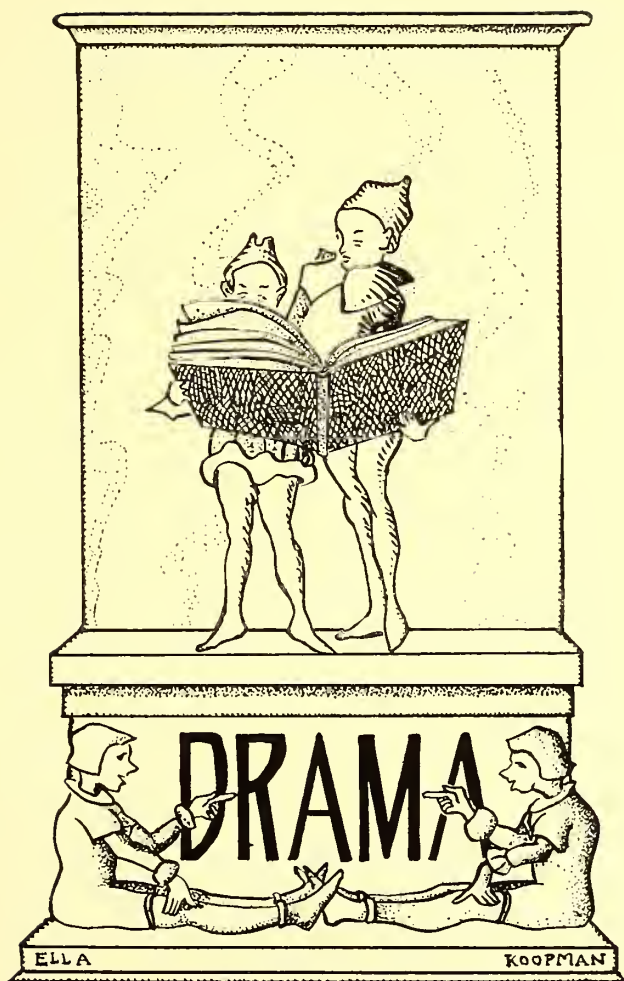
A basketball game between the Shining Six and the Tech Tornadoes concluded the entertainment.

## EXPRESSION ORGANIZATION

This semester the three Expression I classes under the direction of Miss Farman, organized clubs which met during the class periods. The meetings were called to order, and all business was carried on by the president. Each class had a constitution, by-laws and officers. Every five weeks the officers were changed, thus giving all the members a chance to hold an office.



THE CANNON STAFF





## THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON

The senior play, "The Admirable Crichton," which was presented at the Murat theater, January 19, with Kenneth Dynes and Mary Cain as leading characters, proved a great success.

The people selected were well fitted for their parts. Certainly the January seniors made a name for themselves in this production. The plot which pictures the life of the English people is most interesting.

The Lady Mary accompanied by her cousin, her father, her butler, Crichton, and her maid, goes on a yacht trip in the Pacific. They are shipwrecked and left on a desert island. The butler, Crichton, who seems to be the only level-headed person among them, takes the upper hand and reigns supreme while on the island. At the end of two years, Lady Mary, who has been engaged to an English lord, whom she hopes never to see again, has fallen desperately in love with Crichton. Just as the marriage ceremony is being performed, a rescue ship comes. The little party return to England to find Lady Mary's fiance still waiting for her. Lady Mary, however, is willing to give up her former lover, her title, and her wealth to marry Crichton. But through Crichton's persuasions she finally sees that it would be absurd to keep her promise to him. So she goes back to her English nobleman, and Crichton, who has fallen in love with Lady Mary's maid, is preparing for his marriage to her.

The play was presented under the direction of Miss Farman. Mr. Chelsea Stewart planned and designed the settings which were very effective. Mr. Park, assisted by a committee of seniors had charge of the advertising.

The Earl of Loam.....	Wayne Liddel
Lord Brockelhurst.....	Howard Brydon
Hon. Ernest Wooley.....	Nathanile Owings
Rev. John Treherne.....	Walter L. Shirley
Mr. Crichton.....	Kenneth Dynes
Countess of Brockelhurst, Mother of Lord Brockelhurst.....	Elizabeth Carlyle
Lady Mary Lasenby.....	Mary Cain
Lady Katherine Lasenby.....	Avis Peterson



---

Lady Agatha Lasenby.....	Dorothy Steeg
Tompsett, a Coachman.....	Russell Roth
Thomas.....	Stewart Pike
John.....	Robert Thatcher
Fleury.....	Russell Wilson
Ralston.....	Burt Longerich
Two Sailors.....	Russell Wilson, Russel Roth
Stable Boy.....	James Boggs
Page Boy.....	Otto Keller
Fisher, Lady Mary's Maid.....	Esther Engle
Mrs Perkins, Housekeeper.....	Ruth Gorman
Simmons, Maid.....	Helen Young
Jeanne, Maid.....	Elsie Neff
Jane, Kitchen Maid.....	Marguerite Werner
Gladys, Parlor Maid.....	Helen Routier



## HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

Every Tech student had an opportunity to see "Hiawatha's Childhood," an operetta given by the Girls' Glee Club at Tomlinson Hall on January 10 and 13, and everyone agrees that it was one of the most unique and effective productions that Tech has ever presented. The stage setting, picturesque and Indianlike, was particularly striking. The romantic story of the Indian boy, taken from Longfellow's musical poem, was effectively interpreted in song.

Under the direction of Miss Kaltz an Indian atmosphere was created which gave a delightfully artistic effect. Didn't you almost expect to see a real, live warrior jump out from the forest with war-paint and feathers 'n everything?

Members of the Boys' Glee Club assisted the Girls' Glee Club in acting out the poem.

The characters represented were:

Hiawatha, the boy.....	Olin Hatton
Hiawatha, the youth.....	Russell Wilson
Nokomis.....	Ramona Bertram
Iaogo.....	Arnold Schultz
Mudjekeewis.....	Marion Beard
Chief of North.....	Forest Denny
Chief of South.....	Donald Snoko
Chief of East.....	Jesse Bailey
Chief of West.....	Burt Longerich
Three Indian Youths..	Robert Dochterman, Royal Colby, Forrest Welch
Three Indian Maidens..	Eleanor Austin, June Hefner, Hazel Grumbo
Seven Phantom Dancers.....	Gymnasium Girls
Indian Warriors and Squaws.....	Remaining club members



Stage settings.....	Mr. Chelsea Stewart
Lighting effects.....	Mr. Brosy
Readings.....	Miss Kletzing
Dancing.....	Miss Abbett
Costumes.....	Art department

## THE JUNIOR DRAMA LEAGUE



1st Row—Kenneth Teegarten, Iva Mc Clintock, Frank Trost, Howard Bates, Jesse Bailey. 2nd Row—George Badger, Katherine Whallon, Stephen Badger, Louise Steeg, Ramona Bertram; 3rd Row—Myra White, Zenda Bertram, Anne Borcharding, Ineva Reilly, Margaret McPhetridge, Mary McMeans, Ruby Colt. 4th Row—Helen Hauch, Elizabeth Nunlist, Kathleen Reidy, Mildred Stolz, Miss Kletzing, Pauline Gallatly, Rachel Campbell, Marie George.

## JUNIOR DRAMA LEAGUE

The Junior Drama League which was organized in November under the direction of Miss Kletzing, is the first of its kind to persevere in Tech, and so far it has been a real success. The first play, "The Night Before Christmas," which was given December 18, was greatly enjoyed by all who saw it.

### CAST

Mr. Clarence Fountain.....	Howard Bates
Mrs. Fountain.....	Ramona Bertram
Mr. Watkins, brother of Mrs. Fountain.....	Stephen Badger
Maggie, maid of Mrs. Fountain.....	Marie George
Minnie, sister of Mr. Fountain.....	Ineva Reilly
Aggie, sister of Mr. Fountain.....	Katherine Whallon
Mr. Hazard.....	George Badger
Jim, son of Mr. Fountain.....	Kenneth Teegarden
Susy, daughter of Mrs. Fountain.....	Mezzie Dalton
Nancy, daughter of Mrs. Fountain.....	Martha Hedrick



## LA SURPRISE D' ISIDORE

Was it a surprise? You other French students didn't really know that so much noise could be made in French until the French IV class proved it, did you?

The play given in the gym this month for the entertainment of all the French classes, was pronounced a success even by some people did not entirely understand it. Due to tireless and persistent coaching by Miss Renard, the characters displayed a surprising amount of lively action and flexibility of tongue. Messrs. Badger and Greenspan were taken for real, sure 'nuff newly-arrived Frenchmen. Undoubtedly, the girls made the most noise.

The cast included:

Adolphe Picarde, médecin aliéniste.....	George Badger
Suzanne, sa femme.....	Josephine Varney
Isidore, ami du docteur.....	Marion Greenspan
Mms. Durval, Mère de Suzanne.....	Frances Brown
Jeanne, la bonne.....	Rachel Campbell

The staging of such a play required courage as well as lung capacity, for it was the first undertaking of its kind attempted at Tech. Since this first venture in the field of French drama has been successful, it is hoped that "La Surprise D' Isidore" will be the forerunner of other French entertainments which will enhance the value of French conversational study and add interest to the course.

## IN MEMORIAM

The Cabinet—died from late hours  
in the spring of 1919.





## What the Flag Said

One bright, blue day I started to school in very disconsolate spirits. Today was the day that grades "came out." I had not been over-diligent in my studies so I was not holding any great anticipation of receiving desirable marks on my grade card. I soon arrived at school. As I neared the flag pole I heard a whispering sound as if some one were trying to say something to me. I halted, looking around me, but no one was in sight. I started to resume my way, when for some reason or other I looked up to the flag. Yes, this was from where the sound was proceeding. The old flag was actually speaking!

"Listen closely and I will tell you what I really am. The work that we do is the creating of the true flag. I am not the flag, not at all. I am merely its phantom. I am what you make me, and nothing more. I am your belief in yourself, your vision of what a race of people may some day become. I live an ever-changing life, a life of whim and desires, of heartaches and exhausted strength. Now and then, I am strong with ostentation, when men do an honest work. Oft-times I languish, for then purpose has left me, and cynically I play the poltroon. Sometimes I am boisterous, showy, and full of that self-conceit that destroys sound judgment. Yet always I remain all that you desire me to be and have the courage to endeavor for. I am poetry and terror, panic and struggle, and exalting hope. I am the day's labor of the feeblest man, and the greatest vision of the most venturesome. I am theology, law and power. I am the defeat of yesterday and the victory of tomorrow. I am the profound mystery of men who do and dare without knowing the reason why. I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be. I repeat, I am what you make me and nothing more. I flutter and wave before your eyes as a brilliant gleam of color, an immortal symbol of yourself, the pictured image of that big thing that makes this nation over which I wave. My stars and stripes are your hopes and your labors. They are gleaming with cheer, radiant with courage, resolute with honor, simply because you have made them so out of your very hearts, for you are the creators of the flag, and it is well that you exult and glory in the making."

The flag ceased talking, and it seemed to me as if it had a feeling of happiness at having unburdened its mind to me, for it fluttered vigorously in the keen morning air as if full of pent up energy. But who knows, perhaps it was a passing gust of wind that gave this appearance to "Old Glory."

But be that as it may, I went to my classes with a higher appreciation of the school and my lessons. Fired with this inspiration, I resolved, although I could not better my today's grades, that I would see that the next ones were more becoming to a student of Technical.

URBAN SAGE, Eng. VII



## The Soul of Pete

He was such a tiny little fellow that we wondered how he had ever passed the physical examinations and had been accepted into the army. I remember the first time we saw him. Some of us smiled and others laughed outright. The "cocksuredness" of the usual doughboy was utterly lacking in him. He had a nervous habit of consulting the sky as though he feared it might rain before he could reach his destination. I felt so big and important when I stood near him. He seemed so little and insignificant. He apparently made no advances but before he had been with us a week he was one of the best liked men in our camp. Pete was the nickname with which we christened him.

One night there was a program in the Y. M. hut. For the closing number a girl played the violin. I happened to be sitting next to Pete and I could hear him breathing rather hard. I did not turn to look at him, however, for I did not wish to appear discourteous to the entertainer.

Just as the last notes of the music died away, a storm which had been threatening, broke. So the entertainers stayed with us and talked. Some of us fellows winked at each other when we saw Pete meander toward the girl with the violin. But he seemed unconscious of us. He spoke to her shyly and we heard her answer in a surprised voice, "Why certainly." Then she handed him her violin. Pete, a musician!

We all howled at the idea. Pete walked over to the window and leaned against the window-frame with his gaze directed toward the sky. We all moved a little nearer, ready for a good laugh. I turned to one of the boys to say something clever about a violin bow, a beau and a rainbow. But I did not finish. Just then a long, wailing note filled the room; it quivered and then reluctantly died away. Another note took its place, and still another. Then followed such music as I had never heard before. I felt alone in the world, I wanted to cry.

Suddenly the sky seemed clear again, the moon was shining, and against the sky Pete's pathetic little figure was silhouetted. A revelation came to me. Even if he was so small in body, he was big in soul. Each time he drew the bow across the strings something in me swelled until I felt that, man or not, I surely must cry. And cry I did. I could not help it.

When Pete finished I was farther away from home than I had ever thought it possible to be. He didn't turn around; instead he continued to look at the sky and play again. This time it was something rather soothing in effect and I began to feel contented and self-satisfied. I do not remember just how he finished it but he did.

After what seemed hours he came back to the crowd and returned the violin to its owner, just as calmly as though he had not moved everyone in the room to tears. And when he came over to me—how angular, crude and unnecessary I felt.

I have always been thankful for that storm which caused the entertainers to remain for awhile after the performance. Otherwise we boys might never have known, as he really was, our little Pete.

ZENDA BERTRAM.

## You Never Saw Such a Ghost

Bang! Dora took off her shoes and flung them upon the floor, then sank into the soft bed to rest contentedly on that most comforting of all things, a down pillow. Her eyes closed wearily as the clock struck the half hour. Thirty minutes more and the witching hour would come. Dora had fully intended to stay up and experience that delightful, crawly, creepy feeling that always comes on Hallowe'en at exactly twelve o'clock. For some reason Dora was very weary to-night. However she decided to stay awake and see the ghost if it came. But she was soon dead to the world.

The clock ticked on as steadily as if it were not Hallowe'en—the witches' night—ticked on and on and finally struck the mystic hour of twelve.

But for the squeak and scuffle of a mouse behind the paneling, and a sigh among the leafless boughs of the despondent old maples outside, all was silent.

Did I say silent? No; a soft, muffled tread sounded in the still darkness outside Dora's door; slow, steady, soft steps were coming towards the door. Dora stirred uneasily in her sleep. The door-knob turned slowly, stealthily. Dora's eye-lids fluttered, then opened. She had an impending feeling that something was wrong.

The door creaked and opened a hair's breadth. Dora gasped. The space increased an inch, and then another. Something white could be seen fluttering. An arm stole through the gap. Dora held her breath, then gasped again as the vague outline of a slender, slow-moving figure appeared. A sob broke from her lips and the perspiration sprang out on her forehead. The figure moved with that same, slow, soft, measured tread.

It was approaching the bed! Dora wanted to scream; but she could not. It was as though she was paralyzed. Every muscle in her body was held tense and rigid. The figure in white could be seen at the foot of the bed, indistinct in the solid blackness of the night.

Dora trembled. Oh! if only Beth had slept with her! To be sure Beth was only thirteen, but they could have cuddled up and talked or something—anything—to keep from imagining that the awful ghost was standing there; for, of course it was only imagination; there were no such things as ghosts—yet, yes, it was coming towards the side of the bed, always with that slow, measured step. Her breath came in quick gasps.

She had a stifled feeling, as though an invisible hand were held over her mouth.

The figure put forth a hand, then, as if uncertain, drew back and stood silent by her bedside. Then—

"Why don't you say something, Polly? Catch the beastly burglar! Look out! You'll get shanghaied!"

Dora's nerves gave way utterly. With a shriek she sprang out of bed and turned on the light. Her face was ghastly pale and her eyes were staring as she turned around and—

"Beth! You!"

"Oh, sis, that mean old parrot woke you up, didn't he? I'm so sorry! I got kind of nervous in the other room all by myself, so I thought I'd get in bed with you, real quietly, and not wake you up. But Polly had to talk and scare you. Were you sleeping?"

"Oh!" gasped Dora with a sigh of relief as she sank down on— her very best hat.

FRANCES MILLER, English Hg.

## A Night in Arabia

Though the sun had gone down it was still very hot on the desert, for the sands were throwing off the heat which they had absorbed during the day. The moon was very bright and the dark forms of a caravan were silhouetted against the sky.

On one of the camels, which had gorgeous trappings, sat a young boy, Shermeo, whose elegant robe and turban gave proof that he was the son of Aleb Hassan, the owner of the caravan.

"Come here, Kasha," he said sharply and suddenly. "Know you not that we are nearing the place?"

One of the bundles on the back of the camel in front of Shermeo opened and out came a human head follow by a body, and Kasha, for it was he, jumped to the ground.

He walked beside Shermeo's camel and Shermeo leaned over and said in a low voice, "When I fall from my camel run to the place of which I have told you. Then return to your bag. Be sure to conceal what you bring along. Be careful for I am afraid that Aleb Hassan will punish us if he finds us out."

Suddenly, with a wild cry, Shermeo slid off the back of his camel.

Aleb Hassan, who lead the caravan on his Arabian steed rode quickly to the place where the supposed accident had occurred.

A torch had been lighted and under its flaring rays lay Shermeo, still and white.

"My son," cried Aleb Hassan, "Oh Allah, preserve his life! Take him not away from me!"

In the meantime Kasha ran quickly through the sand hills, until he reached a large rock standing tall and forbidding in the gloom. Climbing quickly to the top of it he put his hand into a small niche, took something out, and ran back to the caravan.

During Kasha's absence Shermeo had recovered.

"Father, I am all right," he murmured. "If you will bring the enclosed seat for my camel I think we can go on."

"I will," said Aleb Hassan. After the seat had been adjusted the caravan moved on.

They had not gone far when Shermeo leaned forward and called softly, "Kasha, come here."

Kasha again came out of the bag, but this time he climbed upon the boy's camel and got upon the seat with Shermeo.

All night long the caravan crept across the vast stretch of sand and when at last it stopped the dawn was breaking.

But instead of one Kasha and one Shermeo, there came out of the enclosed seat two Shermeos. They walked to Aleb Hassan, who was

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)

## MATH. I CONTEST



Teams of five and one alternative, chosen from the Math I classes, met in room 20, Friday, December 12, at eight o'clock to contest for honors. The winner was the seventh period class in Room 59, which made 140 points. Individual honors were as follows:

First rank, 38 points, Melvyn McCoy.

Second rank, 33 points, Charles Chandler.

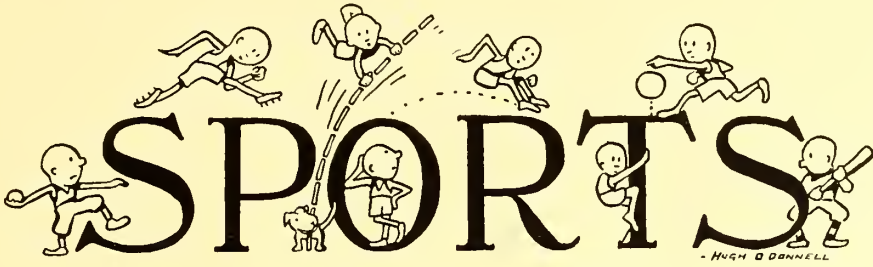
Third rank, 32 points, Lucile Pell, Kenneth Cory, Louise Schetter, Mildred Johnson, Bertha Elering, Anton Johnson.

Fourth rank, 31 points, Maxine Baird, Lillian Selby, Edna Mitchell, Bernice Bender, Alice Hartie, Richard May.



MELVYN McCOY





## THE STATE SQUAD

The Green and White squad is going to put up a hair-raising scrap in March when it fights for honors in the sectional tournament. Each week from the very first the men have been growing more strict in their training and more skilled in their playing.

From the minute that they have come on the floor until the last shot of the gun they have played in true sportsmanlike fashion. Even when defeat has been inevitable they have done their best to make Tech rooters proud of them.

They have treated their opponents with the utmost courtesy and fair-mindedness; for this reason they have won a widespread reputation of fair play.

The material for this season is of exceptionally fine quality. When Coach Black trains the team to a fine point, as he is proceeding to do, Tech will credit the opponents who carry off a victory. Hawkins, Drayer, Slaughter and Griggs, four of last season's heroes, are back again with a fresher and a firmer determination to win. Black, Nipper, Van Arsdale, Silver and Dynes make up the new material and are strong support.



## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

This past term has marked a most successful period for girls' basketball. A sufficient number of games has been played to give the coaches, Miss Abbet and Miss Vandiver, a thorough knowledge of the ability of each girl. The Monogram teams have not been selected but it is generally understood that the girls now playing on the major teams will be the lucky ones. The members of the S. S.'s are: Marie George, captain, Charlotte King, Rachel Cambell, Miriam Garrison, Lulu Harbison, Grace Hoffman, and Mary Elizabeth Hollister.

Regina Ries is captain of the T. T. 's her players being Margaret Strassler, Charlotte McGinley, Ineva Reilly, Mary Hart, Alice Hewitt and Elizabeth Suede.

The minor teams have been doing creditable work and it is thought that from these, good players can be selected for the major teams of next year.

The monogram game, at which monograms will be awarded, will be held sometime next March. This will mean the close of the basketball season, so not until then can a definite summary of the year's work be given.

## FIRST AND SECOND TEAMS



First row—Mr. Candall (ass't. coach), Mr. Gorman (mgr.), Mr. Black (coach).

Second row—Hawkins (G), Conley (G), Van Arsdale (F), Drayer (C).

Third row—King (G), Griggs (F), Slaughter (F), Block (G), Dynes (C).

Fourth row—Hines (F), Morgan (G), Geisel (F), Nipper (F), Hay (F), Scott (F).

### SECONDS GOING SOME

Hurrah for the seconds! Never before has a second team at Tech won so much popularity as has the one this season. In the very first game they showed that they were ready to fight and not once since then have they given Coach Crandall cause to worry.

They seem to enjoy the act of piling up a winning score in the last few minutes of a game. Surely they must have a third wind, for no ordinary players could start out with a rush on a second wind as do the battlers of the Green and White seconds.

The following cutting from a letter written by Mr. Busenburg, the basketball coach at the Columbus, Ind., High School, to Mr. Gorman, is one worthy of recognition: "I want you to tell your boys that the Columbus team has the very highest praise for your team. They were the cleanest and most gentlemanly boys we have played so far this year. We wish you the best of success the remaining part of the season."

---

## THE CITY LEAGUE

In a school of more than sixteen hundred boys it is impossible to place all the good basketball material on one state squad. So this year a City League, composed of four teams each, from Manual, Shortridge, and Technical, was organized.

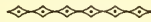
The purpose of this league has been in addition to permitting more boys to participate in the game, to develop material for the state teams. If the showing made by the four Tech teams is any indication, there need be no fear for the future first teams.

Some excellent material which has been discovered during the present series is being developed through active competition with the other schools of the city. It is encouraging to note that practically all of the league players will return to school next year and thus will be aspirants for state team honors.

To mention individual players is perhaps unfair, as all deserve credit for the part they have played in bringing the victory to Tech. However, the following are worthy of merit for their excellent work: Blessing, Updegraff, Schetters, Mills and Scott of the Greens; Nicewander, Aspinall and Ziegler of the Purples; Haught, Long, Mertz and Isensee of the Browns; Slater and Kirk of the Whites.

Though the rivalry for supremacy has been keen, the good spirit among the schools has been strengthened by these inter-school games.

On the first day of play three Tech teams emerged the victors, and from that time Tech has not been headed. With but four games of the sixteen-game series yet to be played, the prospects are that the coveted cup donated by Smith, Hassler and Strum will go to the loyal wearers of the Green and White.



## A NIGHT IN ARABIA

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

enjoying a smoke after his long journey. Aleb Hasson looked up.

"Aleb Hassan, we have found what you have concealed, and here it is," and one of the boys gave him a large sheet of paper which told a peculiar story.

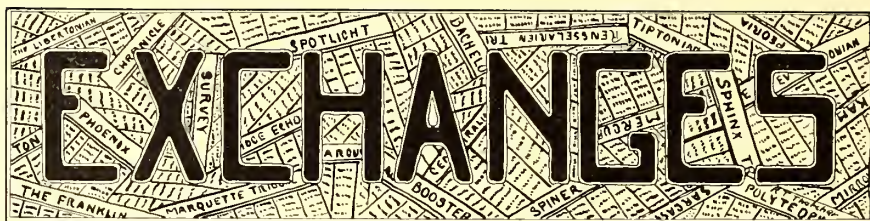
Many years before, Aleb Hassan, wishing an heir to whom he might will his vast fortune, had adopted a son. Later he learned that the boy had a twin brother. He feared that this brother might take his adopted son's name and get the fortune. So he hired the brother as his servant and gave him another name. Then he wrote the boys' story and hid it in a rock.

When his son was about fifteen yearsold he, Shermeo, accidentally found the paper but he saw one of Aleb's servants coming, so he quickly put it back. But now he had secured the paper and was showing it to Aleb Hassan. Furthermore, Aleb Hassan had sworn that he would divide the heirship should the paper be found.

Aleb Hassan maintained absolute silence for a few moments. Then he said slowly, "Well, I should have had you both become my sons, but I did not. Now all that was wrong is right. What was apart and should have been together is now joined, and all is well."

EARL BEYER, Eng. I





In an examination, one pupil wrote for the principal parts of the Latin verb meaning "to skate," "skato, slippere, falle, bumpum."

When the paper was handed back the teacher had written: "foolo, foolere, fali, flunctum."—White and Gold.

Teacher: Why do we put a hyphen in bird-cage?

Pupil: For the bird to sit on.—White and Gold.

It has been whispered that the Students' Union is going to strike for five-minute periods with forty minutes to stroll from one class to the next.—Booster.

If the boys could only carry into the study hall that splendid enthusiasm and concentration of mind displayed in tying their ties, what a school we'd have.—Libertonian.

The oldest good story is the one of the boy who left the farm to work in the city. He wrote home to his brother telling of the joys of city life in which he said: Thursday we autoed out to the Country Club and golfed until dark; then we autoed to the beach and Fridayed there.

The brother on the farm, not to be outdone, wrote back: Yesterday we buggied into town and baseballed all the afternoon. Today we muled out to the cornfield and geehawed until sundown. Then we suppered and piped for a while. Soon we will staircase to our room and then bedstead until the clock fives.—X-Ray.

Father: What is your favorite hymn, Clara, my darling?

Clara: The one you chased over the fence last night, dear father.—Chronicle.

Freshie—I don't feel well this morning.

Soph.—Where do you feel the worst?

Freshie—In school.—The Hoosier.

Serene—What are you going to call your dog?

Elizabeth—Tonic.

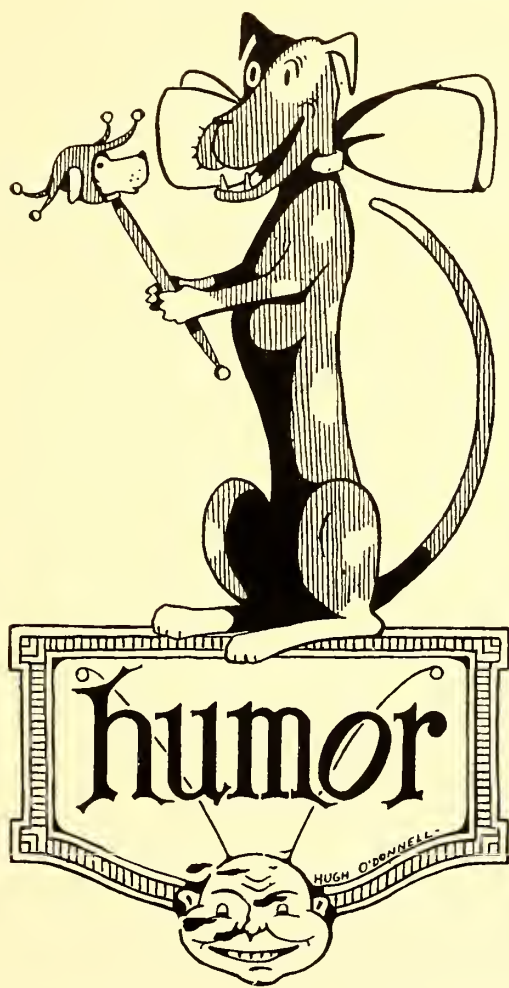
Serene—Why?

Elizabeth—Because he is a mixture of bark, steal and whine.—The Hoosier.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: I've flunked again.

—The Sphinx.





### Tardy Excuses

I was tardy because I was sick at my stomach because I swallowed a fly.

I was tardy because I tried to pass a bad transfer and got put off the car.

Furnace (Brief and to the point.)

I was tardy because I watched a crazy man in front of the New York Store.

We moved and left in time to get here but we had to change cars.

On account of rain.

Had to handle a gun.

### The Tardy Excuses of One Small Boy

First day. I had trouble in getting to school because I had sore feet.

Second day. Sore feet.

Third day. Sore feet.

Note: We recommend "Tiz."

Captain (to private who is talking to himself in ranks): What are you talking for? Don't you know better than to talk in ranks?

Private: Well, I got'a listen to what I have to say, don't I?

Captain: Sergeant, give this man ten demerits.

Captain Steeg: Platoons left into line.

Lieutenant Rink (who didn't know what it meant, quickly formed an alibi): I couldn't hear you, sir.

We wish Clarence Drayer could divide up some of his lengthiness with Melville Lyman. Melville broke his stilts recently.

I sing of the coming of the exams  
To the tune of cram, cram, cram.  
But it does no good  
For my head is like wood  
And I take them as meek as a lamb.

At one of the season games Clarence Gale was repeating the yell prior to our yelling it. "When you're up, you're up, when you're down you're down." Just at this point a small freshie perched high on a radiator piped out, "When you're on this radiator you sure are hot!"

Test paper—Constantine carried the city of Rome to the East and named it Constantinople.

**"CHEEP, CHEEP"—TECH'S CUCKOO AUCTIONEER**

- 1 broken shoe string—Mr. Black
- 5 pennies—Charles Walker
- 1 boiled pink uniform—Gerald Riley.
- 2 dead jokes—Mildred Ross
- $\frac{1}{2}$  weak (?) voice—Paul Hodges
- 1 Latin text book—Scott Ham
- 3 good intentions—Marcus Warrender
- $2\frac{3}{4}$  lbs. good nature—Leona Nuckles
- 1 bright idea—Lenore Henkle
- 2 eighteen-months old tennis shoes—Charlotte King
- 1 stale transfer (keepsake)—Bob Spillman

~~~~~

We always knew that Marie George had quite a capacity for talking, but not until the Better English and Big Sister programs did we realize the extent of her powers as an agitator.

~~~~~

Mr. Carroll: Who is the American author who had such a splendid command of adjectives and such a vivid imagination?

Bright Student: Tennyson.

~~~~~

Miss Kyle: Give characteristics of Tennyson's parents.

Harry Barnard: All his parents were well educated.

~~~~~

Miss Montgomery in Latin I: I don't see the word "aqua" in that sentence.

Robert Gray: Why, er, it's absent!

~~~~~

Captain Watson (in M. T.): Private Goldberg, pay more attention to my orders. Now when I give "right dress," I want to see you snap into it, and I want to hear your eyes click.

~~~~~

Mr. Wright, in an Introductory Sceince Class: What is the difference between carbohydrates and proteins?

H. Creber: I don't know unless proteins stick to your ribs better than carbohydrates.

~~~~~

Major Perry: Some of you smaller fellows step out. And out stepped Armin Doerschel.

~~~~~

**THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN**

A cadet with a clean rifle.

No demerits given.

An entire company in step.

Major Updegraff being serious.

No drill today.

Donald Delbrook is not criticising.

Gerald Kiley with his puttees right side up.

Second lieutenants saluting.

## NOTICE! SUGAR MINE DISCOVERED

Nobod E. Nose was sad. He had worked all day without success and was coming home on the car looking like a sick cat that had been drowned and dragged through a knothole (you know how it is.) Suddenly he noticed that Mr. Bite-at- Anything was sitting next to him. "Ha! Ha!" he thought. "Here is a chance to sell some of my wonderful stock."

"Awful hot weather, isn't it," were his introductory words. Bite-at Anything jumped.

"I hear you have some loose cash you do not know what to do with," remarked Nobod E. Nose, suavely.

"Positively," said his grumpy companion. "I absolutely have to get rid of some of it."

"Well," sweetly began Nobod E. Nose.

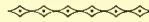
"I don't believe in wells and wouldn't put any money into them either," snapped Mr. Bite-at Anything.

"As I said—ahem—I have a nice little business to propose to you."

"Well," sighed Bite-at Anything.

"No, it's not wells, it is—now keep this under your hat, it is stock in our new sugar mine. You know how there is a sugar shortage and—"

"Nuff sed," gasped Bite-at Anything and he took the whole lot.



Monsieur Greenspan bids goodbye to Tech for he has found his calling. He leaves tomorrow for the French stage where he will be a real "Monsieur le Marquis;" his talents will no longer be wasted on a Tech audience.



## FAMILIAR SAYINGS

Get out of my sight—Sergt. Amy.

As you were—Capt. Warrick.

I want all you men who have uniforms to wear them.—Capt. Kiley.  
(Note: Sir Kiley does not wear his uniform).

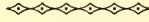
A little wind, band, a little more wind.—Adj. Muench.

Heads up, heads up.—Major Drayer.

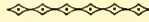
Pass in Review.—Lieut.-Col. Dynes



Why does Miss Kaltz shiver every time any one mentions the word "harp"?



Miss Bachman in history class: And Columbus set sail upon his donkey for England.



Edward Meyer, in history, VII: And Columbus set sail upon his fraying the sleeves without compensation.



Modesty is a good quality; but there are exceptions to every rule. From the way the Lieutenant-Colonel objected to having his picture taken for the CANNON, you would have thought it was to be the cover design.



## I. D. R. DEFINITIONS

**Alignment:** Something that is much talked about but very seldom observed.

**Base:** Element on which a movement is regulated; lunch room the 5th hour.

**Center:** That part of the target seldom hit.

**Depth:** Pogue's ocean, one foot, deep stuff.

**Distance:** What we take when M. S. sees us smoking.

**Element:** Foreign substance often found in the beans.

**File:** Two men:-Blank file—one man, Blank?????

**File Closer:** A gold brick.

**Front:** Direction of the enemy; platoon commanders whom we love.

**Guide:** Flivver, with a flat tire.

**Left:** Opposite from right. (This is not generally clear.)

**Rank:** Your first attempt to handle a platoon.

—Adapted from Sand.



"Now if you have that in your head," said a prof. who had just explained a theory to his students, "you have it all in a nutshell."



"Catch those balls, girls," seems to be exclusively Miss Vandivier's. If we substituted "boys" for "balls" we wonder if she would still say that.



## FAMOUS PHRASES OF FAMCUS FOLK

Mary Elizabeth Hollister.....That's just it.  
 Howard Bates.....Ignorance of the masses  
 Regina Ries.....Go chase yourself.  
 Miss Kyle.....Stay here until the bell rings.  
 Charles Walker.....Say, Peach  
 George Badger.....Je ne sais pas.  
 Marie George.....Ya; Ya; Ya;  
 Miss Kaltz.....Please look at me.  
 James Richardson.....I didn't have time.  
 Margaret McPhetridge.....You never can tell.  
 Donald Delbrook.....That's what I said.  
 Miss Renard.....Now don't you let this get out.  
 Paul Hodges.....Come on now! One-two-three  
 Clarence Gale.....Let's make it big.  
 Mrs. Anderson.....Get it across.  
 Alice Hewitt.....Say, buy my lunch for me?  
 Miss Hooker.....End of line.  
 Ineva Reilly.....I'll do it.  
 Mr. Martin.....Get into this.  
 Lulu Harbison.....Lemon drops.  
 Albert Hensley.....Oui, mademoiselle!  
 Hester Baily.....I'll just do that.  
 Miss Farman.....Class—Ten-shun  
 Big Sisters.....Need any help?

# Autographs



